

Shakspeare's

W I N T E R ' S T A L E ;

A PLAY ;

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY

J. P. KEMBLE ;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

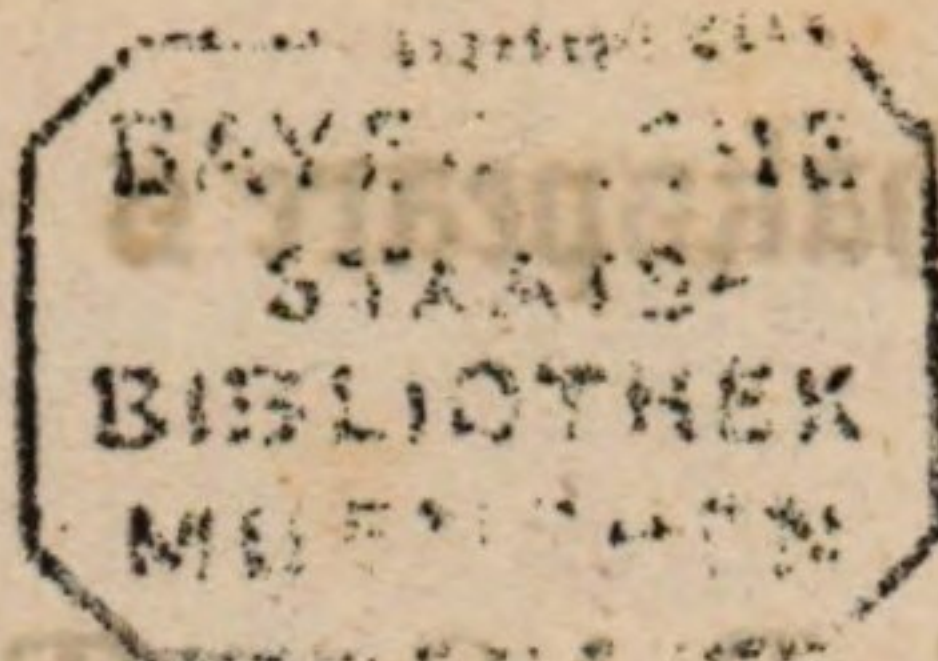
Covent Garden.

LONDON :

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1811.

Price Eighteen Pence.



WINTER STAGE

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COVENTRY



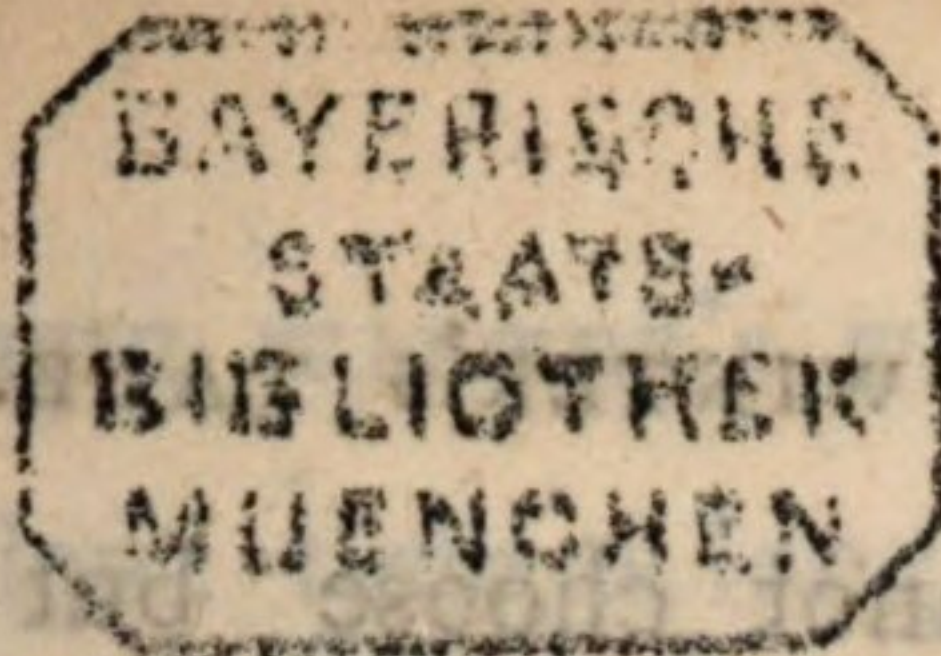
Printed by S. GOSNELL, Little Queen Street, London.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, <i>King of Sicilia,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
MAMILLIUS,	—	—	—	—	Master WORGMAN.
CAMILLO,	—	—	—	—	Mr. CRESWELL.
ANTIGONUS,	—	—	—	—	Mr. EGERTON.
CLEOMENES,	—	—	—	—	Mr. CLAREMONT.
DION,	—	—	—	—	Mr. HAMERTON.
PHOCION,	—	—	—	—	Mr. CHAPMAN.
THASIVS,	—	—	—	—	Mr. JEFFERIES.
<i>Keeper of the Prison,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. TRUMAN.
<i>Mariner,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. ATKINS.
POLIXENES, <i>King of Bohemia,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.
FLORIZEL,	—	—	—	—	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
ARCHIDAMUS,	—	—	—	—	Mr. MURRAY.
<i>Shepherd,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. BLANCHARD.
<i>Clown,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. LISTON.
<i>Neatherd,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. TREBY.
AUTOLYCUS,	—	—	—	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
HERMIONE, <i>Queen of Sicilia,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs. SIDDONS.
PERDITA,	—	—	—	—	Miss S. BOOTH.
PAULINA,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. WESTON.
EMILIA,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.
LAMIA,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. BOLOGNA.
HERO,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. J. BOLOGNA.
MOPSA,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. LISTON.
DORCAS,	—	—	—	—	Miss BOLTON.

*Priests—Judges—Pages—Officers—Guards—
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SCENE,—sometimes Sicilia,—sometimes Bohemia.



THE
WINTER'S TALE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Sicilia.

A Square before the Palace of Leontes.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence,—in so rare,—I know not what to say:—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia: They were train'd together in their childhoods: and there rooted betwixt them then such an

affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it.—You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him; it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Cam. Come, my lord,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

[*Drums and Trumpets sound.*]

LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES,
ANTIGONUS, CAMILLO, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEOMENES,
DION, PHOCION, THASIVS, PAULINA, EMILIA,
LAMIA, HERO, and Attendants, discovered.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, and POLIXENES rise and advance.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

Without a burden : time as long again
 Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
 And yet we should, for perpetuity,
 Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cypher,
 Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
 With one *We-thank-you* many thousands more
 That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile ;
 And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
 I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
 Or breed upon our absence :
 Besides, I have stay'd
 To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
 Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ; and in
 that
 I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so :
 There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the
 world,
 So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
 Were there necessity in your request ; although
 'T were needful I denied it.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
 untill
 You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
 sir,

Charge him too coldly : tell him, you are sure,
 All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd :—Say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
 But let him say so then, and let him go :

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay ;
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
 Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
 The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
 To let him there a month, behind the gest
 Prefix'd for his parting: Yet, good-deed, Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
 What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?—

[LEONTES *talks apart with* MAMILLIUS *and*
 ANTIGONUS.]

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows: but I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
 oaths,
 Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest ? so, you shall pay your fees,
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
 you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? By your dread *verily*,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
 To be your prisoner, should import offending :
 Which is for me less easy to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
 But your kind hostess.—Come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were
 boys:

You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did:—Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.—
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? When was 't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me:

One good deed, dying tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that:

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay:

What was my first? It has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you:

But once before I spoke to the purpose : When?
Nay, let me have 't ; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Gives her hand to POLIXENES.*]

Leon. Too hot, too hot :—
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent : It may, I grant :
But, to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer ;—O !—that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks ?

Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose ?—

They say it 's a copy out of mine.—Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :—
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm !—How now, you wanton calf ?
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me :—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,

That will say any thing : But were they false
 As wind, as waters ;
 Yet were it true
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye.—Sweet villain !
 Most dear'st ! my collop !—Can thy dam ?—may't
 be ?——

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord ?

Leon. What cheer ? How is't with you, best
 brother ?

Her. You look,
 As if you held a brow of much distraction :
 Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
 How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness ; and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms !—Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself, unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This quash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ?—why, happy man be his dole !
 —My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
 Offic'd with me :—We two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps.—*Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
 We are yours in the garden : Shall's attend you
 there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be
 found,
 Be you beneath the sky.—
 I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.

*[Exeunt HERMIONE and POLIXENES, followed by
 all the Court, except LEONTES, MAMILLIUS,
 and CAMILLO.]*

Go to, go to !

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife
 To her allowing husband !—Gone already ;
 Inch-thick, knee-deep,—O'er head and ears a fork'd
 one.—

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
 Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have
 been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has——
 Should all despair,
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves.—Physick for 't there is none ;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant ; and 't is powerful, think it,
 From east, west, north, and south :
 Many a thousand of us
 Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy !

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be
pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand,
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—Satisfy!—
Let that suffice.—I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
 Thy penitent reform'd : But we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
 In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon 't :—Thou art not honest ; or,
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
 Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,
 And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
 And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly ; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 'T was a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,
 'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,—
 But that 's past doubt,—you have ;—
 Or heard,—
 For to a vision so apparent rumour
 Cannot be mute ;—or thought,—for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think it ;—
 My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,—
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,—then say,
 My wife 's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : Say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without

My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty :—
 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
 Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes blind
 With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
 That would, unseen, be wicked ? Is this nothing ?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing ;
 The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
 My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
 For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be ; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. You lie, you lie ; it is ;
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
 Inclining to them both :—Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live
 The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leon. Why, he that wears her, like her medal,
 hanging

About his neck, Bohemia :—Who,—if I
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 They would do that
 Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer—
 Who may'st see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir,—my lord,—
I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram that should not work
Maliciously, like poison :—But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leon. I've lov'd thee :—make 't thy question, and
go rot !—

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ;—sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ;—
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine ;—
Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir :
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't ;
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,—
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so, as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and, with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen :—I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart :

Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.—
I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit* LEONTES.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master,—one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but, since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not?

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I've look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
I beseech you,

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,—

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!

Cam. Swear this, though over
By each particular star in heaven,—
You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly,

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure, 't is safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth ; which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee ;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine : My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
To take the urgent hour.

Pol. Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen's !

Cam. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, EMILIA, LAMIA, and
HERO, discovered.

Her. TAKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lam. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you :—I love you better.

Emil. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best.

Emil. Who taught this ?—

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—'Pray
now,

What colour are your eyebrows ?

Lam. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

Emil. Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again : 'Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites ; you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, ANTIGONUS, THASIUS,
Officers, and Guards.

Leon. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with
him ?

Pho. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion !
Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accurs'd,
In being so bless'd !—

There is a plot against my life, my crown :
All's true, that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

Pho. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy : I'm glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ;—he shall not come
about her ;—
Away with him.

[*Exeunt* THASIUS and MAMILLIUS.
Look on her, mark her well : be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'*Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable* :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out,—
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say, she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain:—You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes.—O,—thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A feodary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself,
That she's
A bed-swerver;
Ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this.—How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You have thus publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say,
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison.—

He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown : 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me : and so,
The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ?

Her. Who is 't, that goes with me ?—'Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools ;
There is no cause : when you shall know, your
mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears :
This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exit HERMIONE, followed by EMILIA, LAMIA,
HERO, Officers and Guards.*]

Pho. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't :
Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine and some five ;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honour,
Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations.

Leon. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't,
And feel't, as you feel doing thus,—[*Striking his
hands together.*—and see
Withall the instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

Ant. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
Doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be wild,—I have despatch'd
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur, me. Have I done well?

Pho. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us.

Ant. Yet, hear me, gracious sovereign,—

Leon. We need no more of your advice: the matter,

The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all Properly ours: we'll spare your wisdom, sir.

[*Exeunt* LEONTES and PHOCION.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and two Gentlemen.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Enter Gentleman, with the Keeper.

Now, good sir;

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. 'Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
'Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt the two Gentlemen.*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, 'pr'ythee.—

[*Exit the Keeper.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Enter the Keeper and EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights and griefs,—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
'Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue.
Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Lest she should be denied.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
 babe,
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
 This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
 By law and process of great nature, thence
 Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
 The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen:——
 Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
 Will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Square before the Palace.

Trumpets sound.

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION, with Attendants bearing
 the Answer of the Oracle.*

Dion. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
 Fertile the soil; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Cleo. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—
 Methinks, I should so term them,—and the reverence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i' the offering!

Dion. But, of all, the burst
 And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Cleo. If the event o' the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen,—Oh, be't so!—
 As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
 The time is worth the use on't.

Dion. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best!—These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Cleo. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great Divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge:—
And gracious be the issue!

[*Trumpets sound.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The King's Closet.

LEONTES alone, discovered.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest:—It is but
weakness,
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness.—If
The cause were not in being,—Part o' the cause,
She, the adultrous,—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof,—but she
I can hook to me:—Say that she were gone,
Given to the death, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

Ant. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—
Polixenes,—thou—Fy! no more of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoils upon me ; in himself too mighty,
 His parties, his alliance :—Let him be,
 Until a time may serve :—For present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

PHOCION, THASIVS, and PAULINA, *without*.

Tha. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
 me ;

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas !
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;
 More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That 's enough.

Enter PHOCION, THASIVS, and PAULINA, *with the
 Child.*

Pho. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
 manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
 I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
 Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
 To purge him of that humour,
 That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How ?

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as may seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,—
For she is good,—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here't is; commends it to your blessing.

[Lays down the Child.]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out?—Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife!

Paul. So I would, you did; then, 't were past all
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself:—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
Once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. This brat is none of mine.

Paul. 'Tis yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.—

I will not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
Savours of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life?

Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord ; 't is yours : Jove send her
A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.—
So, so :—Farewell : we are gone.

[*Exit PAULINA.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child ? Away with 't !—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight ;
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life
With what thou else call'st thine :—Go ; do it ;—
hence ;—

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Pho. We can : My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are traitors all.

Ant. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us : And on my knees I beg,
As recompense of my dear services,
Past, and to come, that you do change this purpose ;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : We beseech—

Leon. Shall I live on, to see this creature kneel
And call me father ? Better end it now,
Than curse it then : But, be it ; let it live :—
It shall not neither.—You, withdraw awhile.—

[*Exeunt PHOCION and THASIVS.*

You, sir, come you hither,—
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life ;—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey ;—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible:—swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it;—seest thou?—for the
fail

Of any point in 't, shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom, for this time, we pardon.—We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This hateful issue of Polixenes
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate.—As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—[*Takes up the Child.*]—
Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!—and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit ANTIGONUS with the Child.*]

Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter PHOCION and THASIVS.

Pho. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come

An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are even now
Entering the court.

Leon. This good speed foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords :
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. Leave me ;
And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Court of Justice.

Drums and Trumpets sound.

LEONTES, PHOCION, THASIVS, CLEOMENES, DION,
Lords, Officers, &c. discovered.

Leon. THIS sessions, to our great grief, we pro-
nounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : The party tried,
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even, to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Tha. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

HERMIONE is brought in guarded by Officers;
PAULINA, LAMIA, and HERO, attending.

[*The Queen seats herself.*]

Leon. Read the indictment.

Pho. [Reads.] *Hermione, queen to Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraign'd of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: Mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes

Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so ; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus : If one jot beyond
 The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,
 That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, *Fy !* upon my grave

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 More impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough :
 Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. As you were past all shame,
 Those of your fact are so, so past all truth :
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails ;
 For as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it,—so thou
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity :
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went : My second joy,
 The first-fruits of our marriage, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Hal'd out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet : With immodest hatred,
 The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion : Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit : Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,

That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet, hear this;—mistake me not;—No!—life?
 I prize it not a straw;—but, for mine honour,
 Which I would free,—if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else
 But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your Honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

Leon. Bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
 Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Pho. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Pho. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes' babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost, be not found.*

Paul. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Pho. Ay, my lord; even so
 As it is here set down.

Leon. The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. My lord the king, the king!—

Leon. What is the business?

Emil. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is dead.

Leon. How ! dead ?

Her. [*Fainting.*] Oh, Oh, Oh !—my son !—

Leon. How now there ?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence ;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—

[*HERMIONE is borne off by PAULINA, EMILIA,
LAMIA, and HERO, followed by Officers.*]

The heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Break up the court.

Drums and Trumpets sound.

Scene closes.

SCENE II.

The King's Closet.

Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, and THASIVS.

Leon. Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New-woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo ;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes ;
He, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour :—How he glisters
Through my dark rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

[PAULINA, *without.*]

Paul. Woe the while !

Leon. What fit is this, good lady ?

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ?—
What old, or newer torture
Must I receive ? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
When I have said, cry, woe !—The queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature, 's dead ; and vengeance
for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

Leon. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she 's dead ; I'll swear 't : if word,
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way, thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on ;
Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Pho. Say no more ;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't ;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent.—Alas ! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—
Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen—Lo, fool ! again ?
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee.—'Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both : Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Bohemia.**A desert Country near the Sea.**Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child, and a Mariner.**Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear,
We have landed in ill time: The skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.*Ant.* Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.*Mar.* I am glad at heart,
To be so rid o' the business.*[Exit Mariner.]**Ant.* Come, poor babe:—
I've heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again: If such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;—
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming;—in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*

Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I pr'ythee, call't: For this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air.—

Dreams are toys:

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
 There lie;—

[*Laying down the Child.*]

And there thy character;—

[*Lays down a paper.*]

There these;—

[*Lays down a casket.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.—

[*Rain and Wind.*]

The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—Fare thee well,
 Sweet!—My heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—

[*Thunder.*]

The day frowns more and more;—thou'rt like to have
 A lullaby too rough:—I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day.—

[*Noise of Hunters.*]

A savage clamour?—

[*A Bear seen at a distance.*]

This is the chase.—Well may I get aboard!—

[*Exit, the Bear following, towards the Ship.*

[*Rain—Wind—Thunder.*]

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between, but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting,—

[*Horns sound.*]

Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather?—They have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browzing of ivy.—Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne, a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now.—Whoa, ho-hoa!—

Clown without.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!—

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and buried, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor old gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him;—both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!—But look thee here, boy: Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't: So, let's see:—It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: This is some changeling.—Open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy; and 't will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman.—They are never curst, but when they are hungry:—if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed : If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Bohemia.

A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I PRAY thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 't is a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years, since I saw my country : Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay ; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. Of that fatal country Sicilia, 'pr'y thee, speak no more.—Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son ? I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness ; from whom I have this intelligence ; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that, from very nothing, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. 'Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I obey your commands.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The open Country.

Enter AUTOLYCUS singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

Sings.

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts;
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles. With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.—A prize! a prize!— [He retires.]

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.—

[*Takes out a Paper, and reads.*]

Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of rice;*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.—*Mace;—dates,—none; that's out of my note:—nutmegs, seven; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

Aut. [*Groveling on the ground.*] O, that ever I was born!

Clown. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then,—

Clown. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: Come, lend me thy hand.—

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir; I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir:—[*Picks the Clown's pocket.*]—good sir, softly.—You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir ; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want : Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him, Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig :— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings ?

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

[Exit Clown.]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA discovered in an Arbour.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's:
To this I am most constant;
Though destiny say, no.

[*Tabor and Pipe heard without.*]

Your guests are coming ;
 Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious !

Flo. See, your guests approach :
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let 's be red with mirth.

[*Tabor and Pipe again.*]

*Enter DORCAS, Clown, MORSA, Country Lads and
 Lasses, followed by the Shepherd, who advances with
 POLIXENES and CAMILLO, both disguised.*

Shep. Fy, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
 Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
 You are retir'd,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting : 'Pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast : Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sirs !—
 It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o' the day :—You 're welcome, sirs.

PERDITA sings a Song.

Cam. Good sooth, she is the queen of curds and
 cream.

Per. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—
 Reverend sirs,
 For you, there 's rosemary and rue ;
 Grace and remembrance be to you both,
 And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,—[*To FLORIZEL.*]

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; [*To the Lads.*]
and yours, [*To the Lasses.*]

That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden honours growing;—

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses

That die, unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength;

Bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial!—O, these I lack,

To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,—

To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

[*FLORIZEL and PERDITA retire to the Arbour.*]

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

[*POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and the Shepherd talk together.*]

MOPSA, Clown, and DORCAS advance.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids?

Is there not milking-time, when you are going to-bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ?—'Tis well they are whispering.—Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our manners.—Come, strike up.—

[*A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

Pol. 'Pray, good shepherd, what Fair swain is this, now talking with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts himself To have a worthy feeding :

He says, he loves my daughter ;

And, to be plain,

I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,

Who loves another best.—

If young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Neat-herd.

N.-herd. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe : he sings songs, faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them, as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better ; he shall come in.

N.-herd. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes ; ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow ; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns : why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses.

Clown. 'Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

[*Exit Neat-herd.*

I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *as a Pedler, singing, and the Neat-herd.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?
Come to the Pedler,
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens' ware-a.*

Mop. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : may be, he has paid you more.—Come, come.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some ; I love a ballad in print a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true ; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives' that were present : Why, should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by : And let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April,

forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another,—

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man.*

Dor. We can sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part.

Mop. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. Have at it with you.

SONG

By AUTOLYCUS, MOPSA, and DORCAS.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;—

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;—

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:—My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them:—Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Tabor and Pipe again.*]

AUTOLYCUS *sings.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a? &c. &c.*

[*Exeunt* AUTOLYCUS, Clown, DORCAS, MOPSA,
Neat-herd, Lads and Lasses.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA *advance.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that here-
after.—

How now, fair shepherd?

Sooth, when I was young,

I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing marted with him.

Flo. She prizes not such trifles as these are:

O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow

That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Cam. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!

Pol. You have put him out:—

But, to your protestation: let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:

That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;

Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you:—
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table:

Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but, as good reason,
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this:
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't,

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. 'Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Our contract mark. [*Takes PERDITA's hand.*]

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call.
Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week :—

Shep. Undone, undone !—I cannot speak, nor think ;
Nor dare to know that which I know.
[*Exit Shepherd.*]

Pol. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft,—who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Per. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and
made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession ;
Nor hold thee of our blood : Mark thou my
words :—

Follow us to the court.—
Camillo, come.—[*CAMILLO throws off his disguise.*]
And you, enchantment,—
If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. Follow, sir.—

[*Exit POLIXENES.*]

Per. Even here undone !—
I was not much afraid ; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone ?

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: This dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd,—

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfill my vow:
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd,—for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms,—will I break my oath
To this my fair lov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you've ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion:

I am put to sea

With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore.
And, to our need most opportune, I have
A vessel rides fast by.

Hark, Perdita,—

Cam. My lord,—

Flo. I'll hear you by and by.

[Retires with PERDITA.]

Cam. He's irremovable
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom

I so much thirst to see :—it shall be so.—

Sir,—

[FLORIZEL and PERDITA advance.]

Flo. Now, good Camillo,—

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows ;—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,—
For so, I see, she must be,—'fore the king :

Methinks, I see

Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcome forth : Asks there the son forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess, and—

Flo. Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,—
Things known betwixt us three,—I'll write you
down :

And, with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. I am bound to you :

There is some sap in this.—

Enter AUTOLYCUS behind, in a silken Dress.

But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
How shall we do ?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,

Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there ; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine.

Aut. So, so ;—I smell the trick of it.

Per. But my poor father—

Cam. Fear not, fair shepherdess ;—he shall be safe.

Flo. Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side :
Come, dearest Perdita :—And fortune speed us !

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL and PERDITA,*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Aut. If I could overhear him now,—

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after ; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

[*Exit CAMILLO.*

Aut. [*Advances.*] I understand the business, I hear
it :—the prince is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing
away from his father, with his clog at his heels.—
Well, I am transform'd courtier again : four silken
gamesters, who attended the king, and were reveling
by themselves at some distance from the shepherds,
have drunk so plentifully, that their weak brains are
turn'd topsy-turvy. I found one of them, retir'd from
the rest, sobering himself with sleep under the shade
of a hawthorn : I made profit of occasion, and ex-
chang'd garments with him ; the pedler's clothes are
on his back, and the pack by his side, as empty as his
pockets ; for I had sold all my trumpery ; not a coun-
terfeit stone, not a riband, glass, ballad, knife, tape,
glove, to keep my pack from fasting : My clown
grew so in love with a new song, that he would not
stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ;
which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all
their other senses stuck in ears ; no hearing, no feel-
ing, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of
it : So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut

most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.—Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end yields a careful man work. [*Retires.*]

Enter Shepherd with a Fardel, and Clown with a Casket.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king, she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me,—

Clown. Nay, but hear me:—She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king: and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely: Puppies!

Shep. Well; let us to the king: There is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Advances.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?—The condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discourse.

Clown. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfold-

ings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? I am a courtier *cap-a-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back, thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich; but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel?—
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are ger-

man to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman.—An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace!—Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I.—Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!—all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me,—for you seem to be honest, plain men,—what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and no more ado:—Remember, ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: Hang him, he'll be made an example.—Walk before

toward the sea-side ; go : I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Sicilia.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

The King's Closet.

LEONTES, CLEOMENES, and PAULINA, discovered.

Cleo. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow :

At the last,

Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;

With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so, still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,—
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman,—she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so.—Kill'd!—
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did:
Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Cleo. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on.

Paul. The gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said
That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—Oh, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife :
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lord, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. I have done.
Yet,—if my lord will marry,—
Give me the office

To choose you a queen, sir ; and she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy

To see her in your arms.

Enter PHOCION.

Pho. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess,—she
The fairest I have yet beheld,—desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train ?

Pho. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Pho. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—

[*Exeunt PHOCION and CLEOMENES.*]

Still 't is strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children ! seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. 'Pr'ythee, no more ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—

[*Trumpets sound.*]

*Enter CLEOMENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and two
Lords.*

They are come.—
Most dearly welcome, prince !
And your fair princess,—goddess !—
Most welcome, sir !—Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him.

Flo. Great sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia ; and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother ;
Whom he loves
More than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,—
Good gentleman !—the wrongs I have done thee,
 stir
Afresh within me.—
Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth !—And hath he too

Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence :
My best train

I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here !—
What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you !

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, attended by two Lords.

Arch. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you, from himself, by me :—
Desires you to attach his son ;—who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off,—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia ? speak.

Arch. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, in the chase
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;

Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Arch. He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Arch. Camillo, sir; who now
Has these poor men in question.

Per. O, my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir; nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the vallies first.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,

I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Square before the Palace.

Enter PHOCION and DION.

Dion. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

Pho. I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: Only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say,—he found the child.

Dion. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Pho. I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceiv'd in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture:—

Enter THASIOS.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more:—
The news?

Tha. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter CLEOMENES.

Pho. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

Cleo. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: The mantle of Queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter.—Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Dion. No.

Cleo. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; there was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!*—then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns:—I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Pho. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Cleo. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a Bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

Tha. What became of his bark, and his followers?

Cleo. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found.—But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd, for the loss of

her husband; another elevated, that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Pho. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Cleo. One of the prettiest touches of all was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it,—bravely confess'd and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood.

Dion. Are they return'd to the court?

Cleo. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone.

Pho. She hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Cleo. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he then took her to be,—would not make the leisure to hear me, and this mystery remain'd undiscover'd.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy : I am past more children ; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir : You denied to fight with me the other day, because I was no gentleman born : See you these clothes ? Say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born : You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have :—But I was a gentleman born before my father ; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother ; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother ; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father ; and so we wept :—and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay ; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship ; and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand :—Hast nothing in it ?—Am I not a courtier ?—I must be gently consider'd :—See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ?—Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ?

Aut. Here is what gold I have, sir.

Clown. Well, I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How, if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk: but, I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it.

[*Drums and Trumpets sound.*]

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt Clown and Shepherd.*]

Aut. O, sweet sir!—I have brib'd him with his own money.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Paulina's House.

[*Drums and Trumpets sound.*]

Enter POLIXENES, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LEONTES, PERDITA, FLORIZEL, ARCHIDAMUS, EMILIA, PHOCION, HERO, CLEOMENES, LAMIA, DION, and THASIVS.

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but, that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came,
To see the statue of our queen: Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities: but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon.—

Prepare

To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death:—Behold; and say, 't is well.—

*PAULINA undraws a Curtain, and discovers
the Statue of HERMIONE.*

I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege;—
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy and grace.—
O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,
When first I woo'd her!—
I am asham'd.—

O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty;—which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.

Leon. O, master-piece of art! nature's deceiv'd
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image

Would thus have wrought you,
I'd not have show'd it.—[*Going to draw the Curtain.*]

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
fancy

May think anon, it moves.—[*Again.*]

Leon. Let be, let be.—

'Would I were dead!—but that, methinks, already,—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.—[*Again.*]

Leon. Make me to think so twenty years together
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness.—[*Again.*—Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her:—What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock me;
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it.
Shall I draw the curtain?—[*Again.*]

Leon. No, not these thousand years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,—
Quit presently the chapel,—or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,

Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on ; what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick, awake her !—Strike.—
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more :—Approach :—
Strike all that look upon with marvel :—Come.—

[*Musick.*]

[*HERMIONE turns toward LEONTES.*]

Leon. Heavenly powers !—

Paul. Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful :—
Nay, present your hand.

[*Musick.*]

[*HERMIONE descends from the Pedestal.*]

Leon. Support me, Heaven !—
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold.—My queen ? my wife ?—
But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport.—
I cannot hold me longer from those arms :—
She is warm,—she lives !

Per. O Florizel !

Leon. Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering
owns
Its long-lost half :—It is Hermione.

Pol. O, make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Paul. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing:—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found;—

[*Presents PERDITA,—HERMIONE catches her in her arms.*]

And with her found
A princely husband;—whose instinct of royalty,
From under the low thatch where she was bred,
'Took his untutor'd queen.

[*PERDITA and FLORIZEL kneel.*]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred phials pour your graces
Upon their princely heads!

Leon. Hark, hark, she speaks!—
O, pipe, through sixteen winters dumb! then deem'd
Harsh as the raven's throat; now musical
As nature's song, tun'd to the according spheres!

Her. My lord, my king,—there's distance in those
names,—

My husband!

Leon. O, my Hermione!—have I deserv'd
That tender name?—Be witness, holy powers,
If penitence may cleanse the soul from guilt,
Leontes' tears have wash'd his crimes away.
If thanks unfeign'd be what you best require,
Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain!

Her. No more, my best-lov'd lord: Be all that's
pass'd
Buried in this enfolding, and forgotten.

Leon. Thou matchless saint! Thou paragon of
virtue!

Per. Thus let me bow, and kiss that honour'd
hand.

Her. Thou, Perdita, my long-lost child, that
fill'st

My measure up of bliss,—tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, 'till I am lost.

Leon. No, no, Paulina ;
Live bless'd with blessing others.—My Polixenes,—
What!—Look upon my brother:—Both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—Come, our good Camillo,
Now pay thy duty here : Thy worth and honesty
Are richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—And, my best queen,
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, by heaven's directing
Long troth-plight to our daughter.

Per. I am all shame,
And ignorance itself, how to put on
This novel garment of gentility ;
And yield a patch'd behaviour
That ill becomes this presence :—I shall learn,
I trust I shall, with meekness :—but I feel—
Ah, happy that I do !—a love, a heart,
Unalter'd to my prince, my Florizel.

Flo. Be still my queen of May, my shepherdess ;
Rule in my heart ; my wishes be thy subjects,
And harmless as thy sheep.

Leon. Now, good Paulina,
Conduct us hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to, the part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first

We were dissever'd:—
 Then thank the righteous gods;
 Who, after tossing in a frightful storm,
 Guide us to port, and cheerful beams display,
 To gild the happy evening of our day.

[Exeunt.]

THE END.

Shakespeare, William,

Shakspeare's Winter's tale a Play

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